

Vol 7 no 7

CENTRE OF VISION



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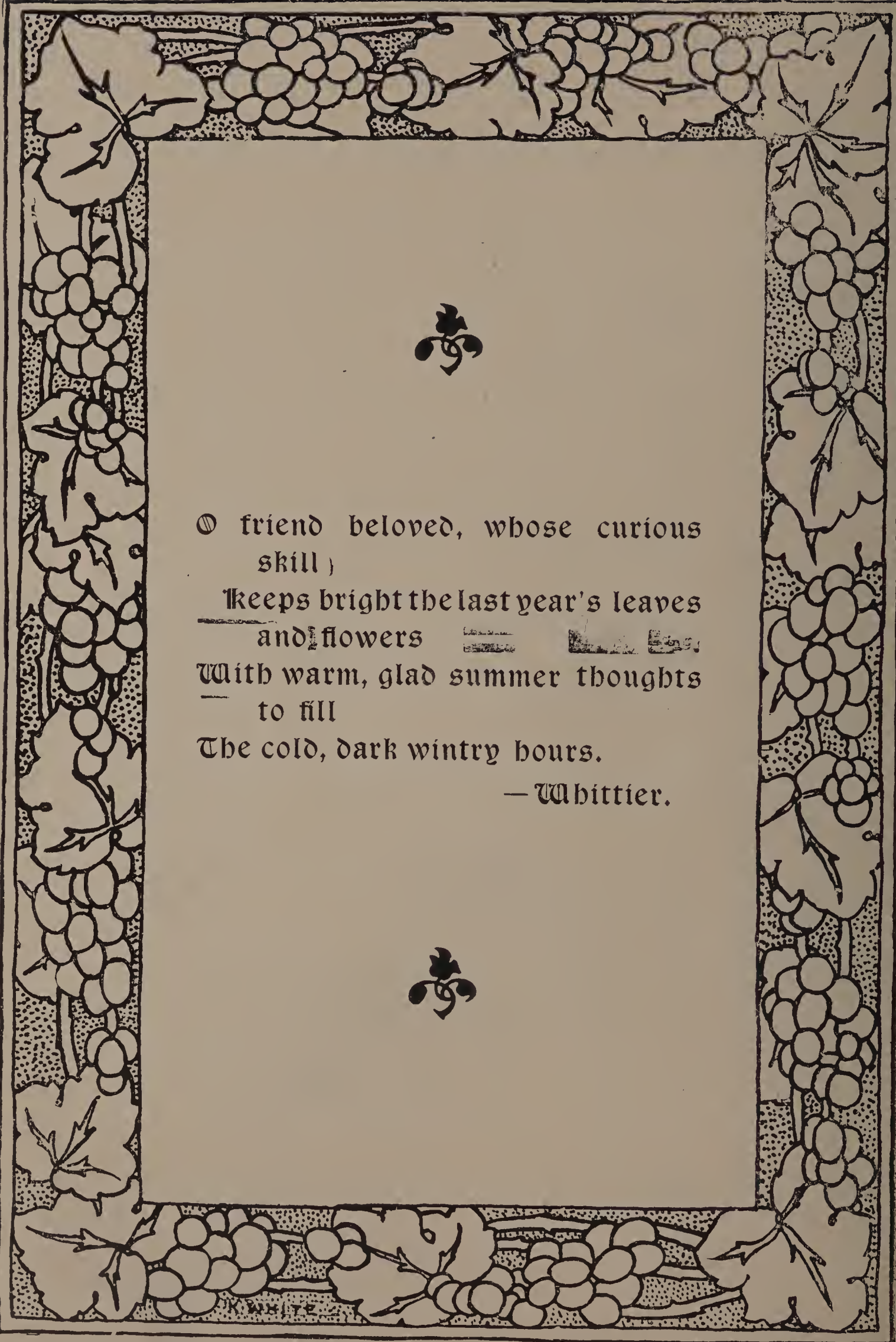
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With warm, glad summer thoughts
to fill
The cold, dark wintry hours.

— Whittier.





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“Want of punctuality is a species of falsehood.”

Hand Weaving

Hand weaving is an art recovered. Ten years ago it was practically lost to New England. Now this region turns out more hand-woven linen, wool, and silk fabrics than any other section of the country. The revival of interest in these products is an evidence that America is not so exclusively devoted to money grubbing that it cannot appreciate products fashioned by workmen who take joy in their labor.

To own a rug, a table cover, or a curtain on which the maker has expended his ideas and personality is a pleasure quite distinct from gazing at a machine-made article which can be duplicated in any one of a dozen stores. And the fascination of freshening things with the hands, especially essentials of the household or articles that add a refining touch to a commonplace service, has led many women to abandon china painting and fancy work for the more active work of the loom.

Though there are many amateurs in Massachusetts who make no attempt to market their wares, a good many have found weaving an attractive commercial proposition. Many of these have enrolled themselves in the Arts and Crafts Association. For them, rag carpet weaving provides the most direct method of securing remuneration for their work. Rugs of this sort are always in demand, and there is ample room for the exercise of taste in developing simple patterns and in the variation of colors.

Most of the rugs are woven with a grayish background. For the piazza and the summer home there are lighter patterns, soft blends which will absorb the sunshine or brighten up the tedium of a drizzly day. For these it is necessary to use white new rags in the warp and alternating cords of pink or blue.

The simplicity of these floor coverings affects one with a strange sense of relief which may be inexplicable at first. It is the sense of contrast with intricate machine-made designs, which are often as confusing as the rattle of the steel tentacled machines that made them.

Some of these rugs are made in Boston, but most of them come from outside towns. Deerfield, Marblehead, Hingham, and Lynn are regular stations of supply. In Central square, Cambridge, the Massachusetts commission for the blind has an established factory where men weave rugs.

“As the sun colors flowers, so art colors life.”

In 1904 the experiment of blind weavers was first tried. They have proved in less than four years that their work can rank with that done by any one. Without prejudice, buyers are agreed to this, and in many cases they insist that the work is not only as good, but superior. Of course the rugs are made under the supervision of seeing people, who select colors and distribute the materials.

An expert supervisor with the use of his eyes first teaches the mechanism to the blind pupil, who memorizes everything by a numerical system. After he has mastered all the movements, he soon can acquire the technicalities of pattern weaving.

By “numerical system” is meant the numbering of each thread, as well as the arrangement of the materials near the loom, so that once the position is memorized, no sight aid is required to locate any color. From triangles and circles progress is made to the more intricate patterns. For some of these a raised proof of the design is hung above the loom. By touching it with the fingers the pattern is reproduced on the cloth.

The proficiency shown by the sightless weavers has eliminated the question of their ability to execute the work. The question remains: Where shall they market their wares?

This problem is solving itself, for the number of people who buy hand-wrought articles is rapidly increasing. When Charles F. Campbell, superintendent of the industrial department of the Massachusetts commission for the blind, was asked the other afternoon where the department disposed of their output, he turned up the label of the package he was tying. It was addressed to Detroit, Mich.

“We have shipped stuff to Duluth and San Francisco,” he added; “so you see the folks out West aren’t going to be distanced in this new twist the aesthetic race has taken.”

It is the boast of the blind workers that the curtains they submitted for the Massachusetts building at the Jamestown exhibition were selected. The design is rather intricate, representing a series of Indians paddling their canoes across the border.

Rug weaving was a secondary development with the blind school. In July, 1904, they first started a girl weaving art fabrics. In October of the same year one of the men was tried on a rug.

In the mechanical part of the task the workers became as adroit as

“Deliver your good, not by number, but by weight.”

if they had the use of their eyes. In conscientiousness they excel. Some of the operatives have become so ambitious that they conceive patterns which they wish to work on, and are absorbed in the discussion of the shades of color which they feel they are blending.

The looms are much the same that grandmother's mother knew. The size has been somewhat reduced, but the principle has not altered any. In fact, looms in all countries as far back as they can be traced have the same mechanical devices that are ingeniously elaborated to-day in the high-power carpet factories.

Weaving, no doubt, originated when some intelligent primeval creature plaited his or her hair, and then tried crossing three strands of heavy grass one over the other. From mats and baskets came the idea of interlacing wool threads, and so cloth was invented. Weaving, in some form or other, is one of the earliest signs of civilization.

It might be argued that weaving is not an evidence of the advancement of intellectuality. The wonderful shawls which come from the far East, and which we are quite unable to imitate, are made by a peasant populace. And whoever has turned over pictures illustrating the manufacture of Turkish and Persian rugs is as much impressed by the uncouthness of the makers as by the symmetry and imagination of the designs.

Crossing the Great Divide of this continent, the Navajo and Moji Indians and the Mexican blanket weavers to the South are not leaders of intellectual thought, though they have established blanket weaving as an industrial art. The old squaws are more wrinkled than winsome. This isn't the fault of the weaving, however, and there is no gainsaying that rugs, and tapestries, and draperies, and all the other products of the loom into which individuality is woven have a reactionary effect on daily life.

In Hingham ardent handicraftsmen not long ago discovered an old colonial loom lurking in the recesses of a garret. It was dragged forth and re-strung, and now it is back at work again.

Here, too, Swedish linen weaving is done, for at Hingham the industrial arts flourish. Linens for dresses, toweling, sheeting, and table covers are woven on the Swedish loom.

The process of preparation requires almost as much time and skill as the weaving itself. To warp the skeins of linen is the first step. This

“As are the men, so is the product.”

is done by arranging all the threads in even lengths on a device somewhat like a turnstile, which spins around, carrying them from top to bottom and back again. Thus the threads are measured off accurately, while, by means of pegs, they are twisted into a figure 8 shape. With this device, as many threads as 1,000 to a yard-wide material may be kept from tangling. A frame with teeth in it, like a big wooden comb, keeps the warp an even width when the threads are strung on the loom. The threads are thus spaced accurately, and then made taut by being stretched to the front beam, and the weaver is ready to start the cross threads.

In introducing variegated shades, every other thread can be raised by pressing a pedal, and the shuttle is thrown through by hand, the operator choosing the threads to be crossed.

In embroidery work the figure is woven onto the fabric. Swedish linen furnishes a particularly effective background for this sort of work, for the threads are not closely woven, and yet there is a firm appearance about a well-turned piece which leaves no suggestion of haphazard mesh work.

Elizabeth Glantzberg, of New Britain, Conn., does some of the best linen work shown in Boston, though Mrs. Underwood, of Cambridge, and women of Marblehead, as well as Hingham, exhibit beautiful specimens of embroidered Swedish linen. Also, they manufacture pure linen cloths, dyed in delicate colors, as well as bleached and unbleached goods. In staining the fabrics only pure vegetable dyes are used. Of late the demand for these materials has increased, fastidiously-gowned women having developed a penchant for hand-woven goods.

Some of the best rugs sent to Boston come from Deerfield, while Mrs. Seth Woodbury and Mrs. K. M. Bruce and Wendell Volk, of Lynn, are acquiring a local fame for their artistic work.

It is interesting to note, in connection with rag rug weaving, that Berea College, in Berea, Ky., has introduced a rug-weaving course into their industrial curriculum. This is in response to a local condition. Pupils attend the school whose homes are in remote parts of the mountains. During the winter time it is impossible for women living in these districts to penetrate to any towns. Isolated as they are, it is essential that they have some rather active occupation, and, rug weaving having survived among the mountain whites, it was accepted as the happy solution.

“Where a man’s coat is threadbare it is easy to pick a hole in it.”

Already some of these rugs have found their way to Boston, and the industry promises to become popular through the Tennessee mountains. In the mountain fastnesses they are still making those wonderful old bed spreads and table covers which are prized as heirlooms in a few New England households.

The colonial atmosphere which permeates the town of Deerfield fosters the zeal of the laborers, who devote themselves to the simple industries of earlier days. From Deerfield come specially attractive blue and white woven rugs and exquisite needle work. Here, also, they dye their own materials in indigo, madder, and fustic shades. Journeying down one of the honeysuckle lanes, one may hear through the work-room window the whack, whack sound of the reed as it presses the weaving firmly down.

“Billiken”

Jock Pickard moved his feet to a more comfortable position on the studio table, and knocked the ashes out of his warm pipe, while he watched Dick Armstrong and Reggie playing cards. He had been observing them for nearly an hour, and their moods, ranging from extreme joy to boyish disgust, and their occasional bursts of animal spirits, terminating in a general rough-house, and then swooping back to a serious game, were a source of bewilderment to him.

“What’s the matter with me?” he said to himself. “I ought to be happy. I can work—I have plenty to do, a reasonable amount of money—friends! It must be that I am stale; that’s the only word that expresses it. I wish I could act like that. I wish my feelings were as spontaneous as theirs.”

Pickard had not been the only one who had noticed the change in himself. When he had graduated from Art School, some ten years before, he had always been game for any sort of a lark, but lately he had grown taciturn—didn’t care particularly about going out, and even refused cards, he who his senior year had won the title of “show-down shark.” Critics wagged their heads sadly over it; beautiful color, exquisite detail, good likenesses, but slowly and surely the “go” had faded out of his work. Friends had tried as gently as possible to show him the error of his work and to interest him anew, but up to to-night he had not been able to fully realize it.

"True importance is always simple."

The game was suddenly brought to a conclusion by some one's overturning the table, and a suggestion was made that Jock be put through a course of sprouts. This move was interrupted by the sound of the telephone bell, and soon Reggie shouted: "A lady friend, Jock, on the 'phone."

Jock rose slowly, smiling at the bromided bit of humor, and went over towards the 'phone.

"I suppose," he said to Reggie, "it's Mr. Baker, hang it, and I haven't finished those postals yet." He sat down, pulled the 'phone over on his knee, and called the customary "Hello!"

"Hello," came in response, "is this Mr. Jock Pickard?"

"Yes."

"Oh, good evening."

"Good evening," responded Pickard, somewhat taken aback. It was a strange voice, full and rich, but with that delicious childish lilt which goes with God's gift of eternal youth.

The speaker hesitated for a moment. "I suppose I ought to explain—it would be nicer if I did—but really I hadn't any idea it would be so hard. You see, I have seen some of your work, and I like it awfully, and the other day I saw you, and I almost know that you're going to be a kindred spirit! You are, aren't you?"

Something bubbled up inside of Pickard, and he rose to the occasion manfully. "You bet I am," he said.

A low laugh came to him over the 'phone. "Oh, I knew your sense of humor wouldn't be horribly submerged. Do you believe in Billiken, Mr. Pickard? I am looking for people who believe in him. I love him. I have one at home. I believe in being happy—just as happy as possible—so happy that you feel all quigley inside. I wish Ponce de Leon could have had a Billiken. I know he wouldn't have needed any fountain."

Pickard felt that his education had been neglected as far as Billikens went, for he had hardly noticed them as he went by store windows, but when at last the receiver on the other side clicked up, not without remonstrance from him, he had learned that she was twenty and studying to be a designer.

"I have a good profile," she said, "but," sadly, "my eyes are green, and they have little specks in them like the stars in Frederick Rem-

“Progress is made by work alone.”

ington's green skies, and, along with Billiken, I have a cross to bear, for my hair is red, R, E, D, red, and it's always tumbling down.”

The next day Pickard stood irresolutely before a stationer's for a full ten minutes before he scraped up courage to go in and ask for a Billiken, and when he put down his one hundred pennies, one for each year, loaned for one hundred years, he grinned shamefacedly at the clerk, who smiled back sympathetically.

Billiken was duly ensconced in one corner of the studio, and Pickard soon began a portrait about which he refused to talk—even to Reggie, his best friend, he was non-committal, except that he said: “I shall exhibit it at the club, I think; don't tease me, Reggie, old chap, go over and talk to ‘Billie.’ ”

Simply because Pickard refused to talk about it, the boys evinced much curiosity over the portrait, and bunched around it the night before the exhibit, after it had been hung. It was very simple,—a picture of a young girl with auburn hair and peculiar shaded eyes, but it had the zest, the life that had been lacking from Pickard's pictures for so long.

“Who is it, Jock?” Reggie asked, and when Jock replied, “I don't know,” the boys first hooted and then demanded a story. Again the telephone bell rang and saved Pickard from difficulty. This time he recognized the voice and answered readily:—

“Hello, little maid.”

“Good evening,” she said. “Oh, Mr. Pickard, are you going to exhibit a picture at the club to-morrow afternoon?”

“Yes, and are you going to come and see it?”

“Of course I will. Which one is it?”

“It is a portrait of a little maid, done from imagination.”

“You didn't really paint me, did you?”

“Come and see.”

And then, the next he knew Central's calm, disinterested tones demanded: “What number?” Jock of a month ago would have said: “I beg your pardon,” but Jock of to-day said: “Twenty-three,” and banged the receiver in place.

By Pickard's special request, Billiken was allowed a place of honor in the exhibit. “Simply because there is a bare corner, not because any of us are over-given to statuary,” Reggie explained, to Pickard's extreme disgust. Jock kept Billiken company all that afternoon until

“If the counsel be good, no matter who gave it.”

after five, for she had designated afternoon, and he would not have missed her for worlds.

Suppose for some unknown reason she could not come? Suppose she had walked by him in the crowd? Why would she not tell him her name? Oh, it was maddening! Turning, he suddenly saw a slender figure in a dark green gown and black picture hat before his canvas, and her soft, fluffy hair shone like the sunburned stubble of an autumn field. When he at last reached her through the crowd, she said gravely: “Did you say ‘Excuse me for a moment’ to Billiken?”

“But,” she said later, “it doesn’t look like me one bit!”

“Are you sorry?”

“No-o-oh.”

“I’m not. I’m glad you don’t look like it. I assure you, you are an improvement on it. But some day you’ll let me paint one that does look like you, won’t you?”

And as the crowd gradually thinned out, and they still stood there in the deepening dusk, over in the corner, wise old Billiken nodded his tousled red head with satisfaction, for things were “as they ought to be.”

Gladys L. Forbush.

Baseball

The baseball season opened Friday, April 16, with Waltham High, which was scheduled for April 14, but postponed on account of the weather.

Although our boys suffered defeat to the tune of 7 to 4, they played flashes of mid-season baseball, and prospects have never been brighter for a fast, all-around team. The batting at Waltham of our players was exceptionally good, and in that department of the game the team was rather weak last year.

Without any doubt, the success of the team depends on the regularity with which the fellows attend practice. That means that many things must be sacrificed, and if true school spirit prevails amongst the players, that part of it will be an afterthought.

The success also depends on the loyal support of the students of the school in attending the games and encouraging the team in every way possible. If a game has been lost, don’t laugh at the defeat, but

“By learning to obey, you will know how to command.”

sympathize and encourage; the former shows your ignorance of school spirit, the latter your love for your school and its athletics.

Great credit is due Manager Parks, '09, assisted by H. C. Maddocks, '11, in arranging such a fine schedule for the coming season. Although many games are to be played away from home, there are a few near by at which we ought to have the majority of the school present, which also includes the faculty.

The question of athletics in this school has been handled in a most businesslike way by the Athletic Association, organized in the fall of 1907. The financial situation, although improved over last year, is somewhat of a hindrance to the progress of the team, and any subscriptions or donations may be made to Mr. Brown, '11, treasurer of the association.

Give us your support, every one, and we will surely try to give you something in return in the way of a fast, clean baseball team.

Extra schedules may be secured in the office for your friends or members of your family.

The schedule:—

May 12—Lowell Textile School at Lowell.

May 15—Taunton High School at Taunton.

May 18—Wellesley High School at Wellesley.

May 19—Newburyport High School at Newburyport.

May 22—Bridgewater Normal School at Bridgewater.

May 26—Open.

May 29—Open.

May 31—Watertown High School at Watertown.

June 2—Dorchester High School at Dorchester.

June 5—Open.

June 9—Danvers High School at Danvers.



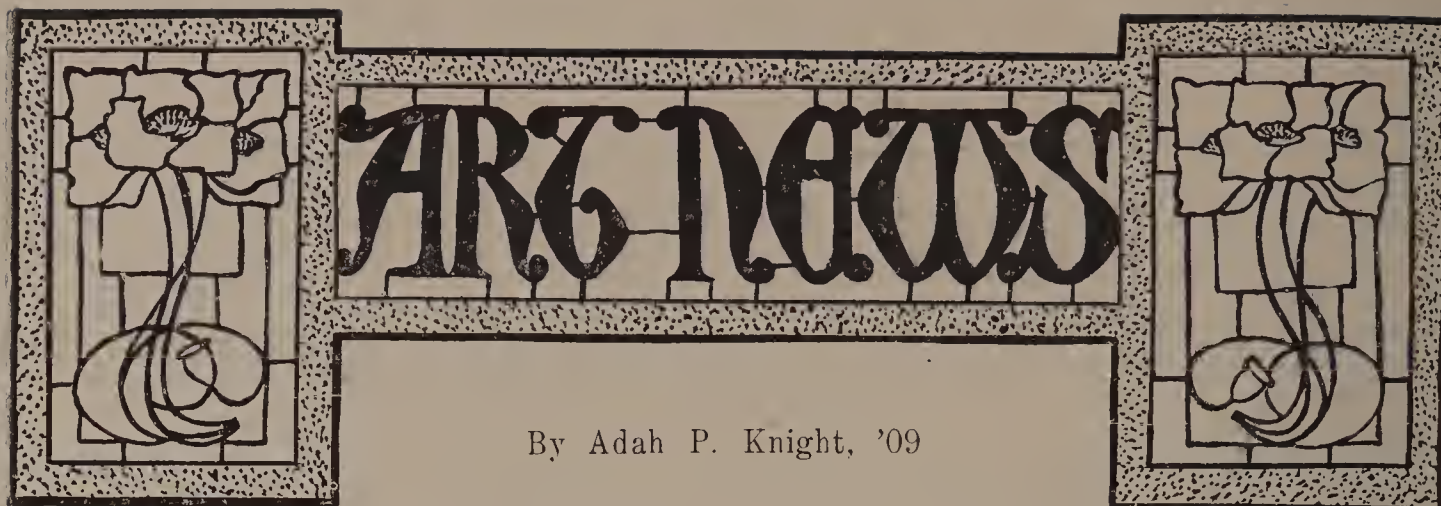
Spring has sprung; we feel it in the air, likewise hear it. Now that it has returned, the feeling of a new and joyful future springs once more within us. We hear the birds, the grass has taken on its coat of rich green, the trees are springing from their long winter rests, and over us all comes that new awakening feeling. Let us throw aside our cares and worries, and look upon these sights and sounds that remind us of the approaching good old summer time.

In our year's work we are now almost on the home stretch. May will soon be here, and with it the "cleaning up"—the making of certificate drawings. Although it is now some months after the first of January, it is not too late to make good resolutions. Try for your own sake, if not for your teacher, to get your certificate work finished in good time. Punctuality is a habit easy to acquire. It is one of the many big little things that go toward the making of a successful man or woman.

The Athletic Association has been successful. The baseball team has started, and a profitable season is looked forward to; but let us remember again that a hearty co-operation of the student body is needed for a successful season.

All material for the May number, which will be an alumni number, must be in by May 10.

This month's cover was designed by Harold Cue, of Mr. Major's studio.



By Adah P. Knight, '09

There is at the Art Museum a picture recently lent which is attributed to Tiepolo, and which, one would say, is undoubtedly by him. It represents a Madonna enthroned, with two saints in Dominican robes of black and white. The general arrangement is the ordinary convention, but in the working out many interesting variations occur. The Virgin is dressed in the conventional blue and red, but a white drapery about the head makes a good "rappel" to the white robes of the saints. There is a curious yellowish cloud behind the Madonna, which perhaps is intended to balance the yellowish tones of the ground. On the other hand, a blue sphere under the foot of one of the saints serves to bring the eye down from the blue mantle of the Virgin. There are curious little designs on the covering of the sort of platform on which the throne is placed; designs which represent various scenes in the life of Christ. There is the annunciation, the adoration of the shepherds, the scene on the Mount of Olives, the flagellation, and the crowning with thorns; and, too, the crucifixion.

One of the saints holds a white lily, which is cleverly indicated, being apparently painted as an afterthought. All the drapery is painted with a free, bold hand, and is indeed excellently well done. One of the saints holds a big book, which, again, is cleverly painted.

The strong blacks and whites in this picture make a fine sombre foil to the rather garish red and blue which are prescribed by custom as the colors of the Madonna's costume. In this instance, by the way, the red gown turns more to vermilion or scarlet than is usually the case.

A curious detail is that the characters are without halos; there is a sort of symbol for flame above one of the saints' heads, and that is all. The figure of the Child is pretty; rather slighter than one usually sees in Italian altar pieces. He plays with the string of what one guesses to be some sort of consecrated medal. The head of the Virgin is prettily indicated, though it can't be said to be of any great psychological in-

“By the street of ‘By-and-by’ one arrives at the house of ‘Never.’”

terest. The heads of the two saints are interesting in rendering. One whose head is almost in profile looks rather like a modern Frenchman, with his reddish hair. The head of the other is somewhat turned away from us, and is for the most part in shadow. The shadows, here and elsewhere, are very skilfully arranged and treated.

In fine, an interesting example of Tiepolo, though hardly of the quality of the beautiful “Madonna and Three Dominican Saints” of the Church of the Gesuati in Venice, or of the splendid Madonna of the Scuola del Carmine. None the less, it is a highly interesting performance.

Giovanni Battista Tiepolo, the last of the great Venetian painters, was born in 1696. He is supposed to have been the pupil of one Lazzarine, though his style is founded on study of the works of Paul Veronese. His ceiling decorations were particularly remarkable.

In this field he may be said never to have had an equal. Besides doing numberless decorations in Venice, he went to Spain in 1762, where he painted decorations in the royal palace at Madrid. His decorations in Spain are thought to have influenced the famous Spanish painter, Goya.

The following pictures were exhibited by the Ten American Painters at the Copley Gallery on Newbury street:—

Tarbell—“Girl Reading.”

Benson—“Evening Light,” “Summer Afternoon.”

Decamp—“The Blue Cup.”

Metcalf—“The Trout Brook,” “The Green Canopy,” “Morning Shadows,” “Young Moon,” “Ebbing Tide.”

J. Alden Weir—“Danbury Hills,” “Pan and the Wolf,” “Peacock Feathers.”

Robert Reid—“The Yellow Flowers,” “Wild Iris.”

Chase—“The Windmill Etching.”

Dewing—“Yellow Tulips,” “Lady Playing Violoncello.”

Hassam—“Neptune’s Hall,” “Appledove Summer Idyl,” “Music Room.”

“All art is sentiment embodied in form.”

ALUMNI NOTES

E. A. Fox, 313 Metropolitan Avenue, Roslindale

Dear Alumni: Remember that it is your duty to take an interest in and support the CENTRE OF VISION just as much as the present Normal Art School students. Besides subscribing to it and contributing material, urge other less enthusiastic alumni of the school with whom you are in reach to do the same.

A most successful auction of posters, sketches, etc., was held in the Normal Art School a short while ago for the benefit of the athletic fund. A fair proof that the school spirit is by no means on the wane.

Griswold Tyng, of '05, has been making some illustrations for the Youth's Companion recently, being located at the Fenway Studios.

Raymond W. Perry, '05, now has charge of drawing at Gardner, Mass.

The May number will be made alumni number. President Eliot's address on "Drawing" will be the leading article, also an article on pen drawing by C. S. Hammock.

Five hundred copies of the May number have been already purchased by the alumni. Those wishing to receive copies should forward their names to Ray E. Smith, business manager.

Miss Blanche A. Russell, a former student of this school, who has been teaching at the Dwight School in Boston, has been transferred to the Thomas Gardner School in Allston, Mass.

Miss Pooke, Miss Coolidge, and Miss Hassolt, former students of the Normal Art School, have work on exhibition at the School of the Museum of Fine Arts.

President Eliot, of Harvard, was the guest of honor at the twenty-first annual reunion and banquet of the Normal Art School Alumni Association of Boston at the Hotel Tuileries recently, where he delivered an address on "Drawing." Crimson candelabra and red pinks formed the decorations, in honor of the guest of the evening. Charles W. Furlong presided at the banquet, at which 150 were present. At

“Perfection is acquired by doing common things uncommonly well.”

the business meeting before the banquet, the following officers were elected: President, Charles W. Furlong; secretary-treasurer, Allen F. O'Connor; assistant secretary and treasurer, Laura M. Marceau; vice-president, Mrs. Wilhelmina D. Campbell; executive committee, Lucy D. Taylor, Sarah Hyams, Jennie E. Bailey, Helen E. Cleves, Laura M. Marceau, Charles Perry, Augustus Rose, William S. Seaver, Harry W. Jacobs, Frederick W. Ried.

President Eliot's address will appear in the CENTRE OF VISION next month. Orders will be taken by Ray C. Smith.

Faculty Reception

One of the most enjoyable receptions ever held in the school was given to the faculty by the students on Thursday evening, April 15. The principal feature of the evening was a play, "The Story of a Famous Wedding," the parts being taken by the students of the different classes. The cast was as follows:—

Governor Wentworth of New Hampshire.....	Ray C. Smith
Lord Harry Hunters.....	Waldo Bates
Lord Merrington.....	Laurence F. Loring
Rev. Arthur Brown.....	Edward Fox
Jotham	James A. Brennan
Jack Wrightmore.....	Chester B. Parks
Martha Hilton.....	Miss Alice C. Pilsbury
Lady Parrotte.....	Miss Mabel Harrington
Mistress Stavers.....	Miss Clara Gale
Sally.....	Miss Marjorie Woodbury

Scene: Drawing room of Governor Wentworth at Portsmouth, N. H.

Time: 1760.

Dancing was enjoyed during the remainder of the evening. A dainty lunch was served by Hicks, the caterer, during intermission. The success of the affair was due to the following committee: Miss Grace A. Preble, Miss Carla Rose, Miss Priscilla Alden, Miss Esther Elliott, Miss Ina M. Calef, Laurence F. Loring, and Harry W. Jacobs.

“Art is art precisely because it is not nature.” — *Goethe*.

The Auction Sale

On Wednesday, a little over a month ago, a very successful auction of posters, portraits, sketches, and caricatures was held in the public schoolroom for the benefit of the Athletic Association, or, more definitely, the baseball team. Somewhere in the vicinity of two hundred pieces were exhibited before the sale. Messrs. Hibbard and Pomeroy composed the committee to take charge of the sale, while Mr. Fox acted as auctioneer. After the returns were looked over, the committee found that about \$23 was realized, and not all the work sold. It was decided that the auction should be continued on Wednesday, two weeks later. At the second sale Mr. Hibbard made a great hit by disposing of his forlorn alligator-skin bag, and a most remarkable outfit was given with it. Among other things were sold an excellent portrait of Miss Carla Rose, by Andreas Randel, “Emperor William,” “Billy” Packard, “Mayor” Hibbard, Miss Nason, etc.

On the second sale it was found that they were about \$18 ahead. The committee and the association wish to express their sincere thanks to all those who either contributed material or bought sketches.

CLASS NOTES

1909

Miss Josephine Nute returned to school Wednesday, after a severe illness of two weeks.

One of Richard J. Herlihy's stunning cover designs appears on the cover of the *Technique*, the M. I. T. yearly publication.

The second division of the Public School Class is now teaching in the Prince and Perkins Schools, Boston.

“Whoever borrowed a diminishing glass
From Carla Rose, of the Portrait Class,
Should return that same diminishing glass
To Carla Rose, of the Portrait Class.”

“Perfection should be the aim of every true artist.” — *Beethoven*.

Young man (approaching lady whose paint coat is split between the shoulders): “Say, you’re the bravest person in the class.”

“Why?”

“Because you show the greatest amount of backbone.”

Well, Priscilla, even Art students who can see straight and have scene(s) straight can’t always see straight.

Mr. Bartlett: “Why are these two young ladies at the same desk?”

Walley: “We are using the same water.”

Mr. Bartlett: “That’s the most liquid excuse I’ve heard.”

Poor Larry is dying by inches. Mabel advises he have some tucks taken in him, so that it won’t take so long.

Herbert Packard is painting a four-foot canvas of Edward A. Fox at his home in Hyde Park.

1910

Aldro T. Hibbard exhibits a half-dozen landscapes at the Copley Galleries.

Take a peep into Major’s male studio and see some good hard labor put in.

We all hail Ronald Davis again. His ever-pleasant smile is again with us, after a brief illness.

— The latest song in Mr. Hamilton’s studio: “Make a Noise Like a Miller and Flye.”

Mr. Hamilton’s advice to his wayward students: “Don’t go on sprees, remember the morning after.”

1911

Mr. George (excitedly describing a combat): “And the horses were rearing and tearing the air with their paws.”

Evidently some of Mr. C.’s pupils feel competent to teach.

We are very glad to welcome back Miss Harmon and Miss Fuller.

The strenuous efforts of some of the upper-class girls to join the Tea Table Club have been viewed with amusement by those initiated.

Mr. George thinks Miss Forbush looks like a mouthpiece (???).

MAY — ALUMNI NUMBER.



Clara P. Chase, '09

We have received one new exchange paper this month; and we observe the very neat appearance of the interior pages and good spacing of text and titles of the Liberty College Student of Glasgow, Ky.

This has been a year of anniversaries of noted men. Whole nations unite in acknowledging the influence of their greatness. They interpret life and the times for other people. One such man in a community raises the standard and worth of the whole locality. Life at its best is made up of the enrichments of the minds that have gone before. Emerson, in his "Representative Men," says we live in the light of great souls. The Chinese version has it that a sage is the instructor of a hundred ages. According to the old saying, we are moulded to the standard of our habitual companions. Then surely with these great men we may absorb some of their greatness.

A young cadet was complaining of the tight fit of his uniform. "Why, father," he declared, "the collar presses my Adam's apple so hard that I can taste cider."—Harper's Weekly.

Some one has said that leisure is the source of all good work. In these days leisure means time to live up to a high standard, to get acquainted with one's self and the world and forces of nature. Thought is paramount in this ideal. Leisure and new realms are open to him who has the gift to read.

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